

# THE UNITED STATES OF GERMANY, Y' UNDERSTAND

*A Man Named Barnett Shaw, Who Wrote a Play Called "You Couldn't Tell Nothing About It," Starts Zapp and Birsky on the Road to a Teuton Republic—All American-Germans Will Work for the Nomination of an American-German Ticket, of Course—New Cincinnati, New Milwaukee oder New Hoboken*

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Illustrations by Briggs



The Prince first puts him in jail.

"I SEE where Barnett Shaw says there wouldn't be no peace in Germany till they got a republic there," said Barnett Zapp the waist manufacturer.

"I'm surprised that a feller with such a front name should talk so sensible," Louis Birsky the real estate retorted. "Who is Barnett Shaw anyway?"

"He's a *Schauspieldichter*," Barnett Zapp replied. "He wrote a play by the name: 'You Couldn't Tell Nothing About It,' which my wife took me to see. Birsky, and he was right. You couldn't."

"A *Schauspieldichter*!" Birsky exclaimed. "Well, I suppose he thinks Germany will hire him and George M. Cohen to work together with David Kessler on a Constitution and By-Laws in four acts, Zapp, and since she would then got no more use for that *Kaiserliche* song 'Deutschland, Deutschland Über Alles,' she would commission an osteopath to write a new one for her and have it set to music by a feller in the plumbing supply business. No, Zapp. Germany don't do business that way. If she wanted to get a play written, she would go to a play writer like Barnett Shaw, *aber* if she wanted a republic fixed she would go to a Republican like this here Barnes or a Democrat like Charles F. Murphy, and you would see that in less than a year's time over there things would be running so smooth and quiet that the Reichstag would got already a couple investigating committees investigating the sundries in the expense account of the investigating committee appointed to investigate the *Berliner Allgemeinebedienungsversammlung*."

"Yes?" Zapp said.

"Which," Birsky explained, "in *hoch* German is short for Public Service Commission. They say it all in one word and save time that way, Zapp. The Germans is a terribly efficient people."

"Yes, Birsky," Zapp commented, "it's a poor kind of fowl that runs down its own nest."

"What d'ye mean—I am running down my own nest?" Birsky asked.

"You are like a whole lot of people, Birsky," Zapp explained. "To hear you talk you would think that the office holders which run the United States of America done it in the time they could spare from their regular occupations of dealing faro or making book. Believe me, Birsky, if you was to take what the Royal Family gets away with from the German people in the course of a year by way of living expenses and allowances for pocket money, y'understand, and compare it with what we pay our public officers from President to dog catcher, you would think that America was a sweat shop instead of a country. Yes, Birsky, if the reigning Prince of Gimmeldingen - Daletheim goes travelling at the public expense, y'understand, from what it costs him and his *Mischpocha* for meals and rooms anybody would conclude that our congressional committees sat up all night

in a combination baggage-smoker and ate in cafeterias."

"Sure I know," Birsky said, "but they ain't got no political graft over in Deutschland. If they build an aqueduct or a dock improvement over there, the people gets value for their money, Zapp."

"I give you right, Birsky," Zapp retorted, "and while the Board of Aldermen of Pfaffenrottchen, capital of the principality of Gimmeldingen-Daletheim, works overtime to keep the street cleaning commissioner from ringing in an extra sweeper on the payroll at twenty pfennig an hour, y'understand, the Prince of Gimmeldingen-Daletheim gets appointed honorary colonel of the 102d Schaumburg-Lippe regiment of the Kaiser's Own Household Troops *olav hasholom*, and when he goes out and buys an honorary colonel's full dress uniform of burgundy color satin d'amour with ecru lace brought down over the hips from under the bust line and having platinum and ruby buttons and platinum and ruby fringe to match,

he claims that he is anointed by the *lieber Gott* to do so."

"And them poor Germans *nebach* believe him?" Birsky exclaimed.

"They've got to," Zapp said, "because over here if you make a criticism of a politician the worst he could do is to sue you for libel in Sarahcuse and take a couple appeals, *aber* in Germany if some one makes a criticism from a prince, y'understand, the prince first puts him in jail and decides afterwards what he would do with him. Barnett Shaw was right, Birsky. They should ought to got a republic over there."

"*Aber* how are they going to do it?" Birsky said.

"It's a snap," Zapp said. "When we started in to be a new beginner as a republic, we only had thirteen states in stock, whereas in Germany they got I don't know how many hundred principalities and kingdoms which could be fixed up as states in the United States of Germany. The only thing is the abbreviations for the states which if you was to send a letter to:

They've got a whole lot of other duplicates that way, Birsky."

"Is there such a county as Hindenburg County, Mecklenburg-Strelitz?" Birsky inquired.

"Not yet," Zapp replied, "but there will be when they start in the United States of Germany. In fact I bet y'er there would be a Hindenburg County for every state in the German Union, also a von Tirpitz County, a Zeppelin County and even some states would have a Bethmann-Hollweg County. As for New Cincinnati, just so soon as they get the republic going over there, all them fellers like Richard Bartholdt, Gershon A. Viereck, Victor Ritter and James A. O'Gorman which is so dissatisfied *mit* America, would go back to Deutschland and for the sake of old times yet, they would found settlements and call 'em New Cincinnati, New Milwaukee oder New Hoboken."

"Do you think Bryan would go with 'em?" Birsky asked hopefully.

"*Natürlich!*" Zapp declared. "It's the only chance that feller's got of run-



"They all go over to the Essener Hoff gent's cafe."

vantageous as possible for Germany. They would then call on all American-Germans to work for the nomination of an American-German ticket at the next German presidential election, y'understand, and not to vote for any candidate who didn't have an American name. The consequence is, the ticket would be

For President  
WILLIAM J. BRYAN  
of Brand.

For Vice-President  
JAMES A. O'GORMAN  
of Wurt.

Furthermore this here Gershon A. Viereck would publish a paper in Berlin, Brand, or Stuttgart, Wurt, and call it *Der Guter Alter U. S. A.*, and if the Germans get sore at him and ask him: 'Look-a-here, Viereck, are you a German or are you an American?' and Viereck would say: 'I am just so good a German as you are, but at the same time I can't forget what I owe to America.' Then in his paper he would proceed to call von Bethmann-Hollweg a second rate school teacher and that if it wouldn't be for pickled herrings where would the name of Bismarck be to-day."

"Them fellers will get themselves pretty unpopular over there if they act that way," Birsky commented.

"Not necessary, they won't," Zapp continued. "There'll always be some German professors over there like Professor Burgess over here, who when Gershon A. Viereck writes in his paper that all Germany knows, America taught her, y'understand, will say: 'He's right. The boy is right.' And there will also be some American professors working for the University of Berlin the same like this here Munsterberg is got a job over here in Harvard, who will say that he don't want the Germans to take it at all out of the way, y'understand, and that he has got a lot of good friends among the Germans, understand me, but when it comes right down to it, Germany is after all a country where nobody cares for anything but beer. That without meaning to give offence to anybody, y'understand, he would call Germany the land of the Almighty Beer."

"It seems to me, Zapp, the way you describe these here fellers, I give 'em at the outside six months in the United States of Germany before they get lynched."

"*You lynched!*" Zapp exclaimed. "They make allowances for such fellers over there. Take for instance an American feller by the name W. V. Hedgehog is discovered by German Secret Service officers in an office on the

twenty-fourth floor of the Falkenhayn Building, von Kluck Street, Essen, Hindenburg Co., Rh., and in the inside pocket of his overcoat is complete plans of the Krupp Works, marked

\*\*Place dynamite here.

Also he has two sets of brass knuckles, a sawed-off shotgun fully loaded with Maxim silenced, a diamond safe drill, six pieces assorted fuse and a slungshot. Naturally, Birsky, you would think that such a feller they would put in jail."

"Naturally," Birsky agreed.

"Well, they wouldn't do no such thing," Zapp continued. "All this here W. V. Hedgehog does is to claim that he is running a branch of the American Embassy there in Essen, and without trying to check up his statement by ringing up the home office of the American Embassy in Berlin, the judge discharges him *mit* the thanks of the court and they all go over to the Essener Hoff gent's cafe and have a little Federweiss and rye bread tongue sandwiches on the Secret Service men."

"The United States of Germany is sure going to be a funny country," Birsky said.

"Not at all," Zapp declared. "It's only going to be modelled after the United States of America, Birsky. For instance, if the United States of America has trouble with the United States of Germany, and some American-Germans in Hamburg or Bremen hire a feller by the name August Heinrich Eppendorf-Winterhude, alias Stuttgart Steve to put a bomb on a 48,000 ton *Postdampfer*, y'understand, and if the ship goes down in mid-ocean and drowns a couple of hundred German women and children, understand me, then if the American-Germans in Hamburg celebrate with a supper at the Rath's Weinkeller, y'understand, you will see that the German people will look at the matter in a liberal spirit. 'Well,' they will say, 'Americans has got to eat the same like anybody else,' and they'll let it go at that."

"Why, if that happened in this country," Birsky cried, "we'd send them fellers to jail for the rest of their lives."

"Maybe we would and maybe we wouldn't," Zapp said. "You can't tell. I think we would anyhow got as much patience with them as the United States of Germany would. You see, Birsky, I am only giving you hypo-critical cases."

"What are them?" Birsky asked.

"Hypo-critical cases are cases which you discuss for the sake of argument," Zapp concluded. "They never actually happen—in the United States of Germany."

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"Where nobody cares for anything but beer."

y'understand, the tax rate in Gimmeldingen-Daletheim jumps up from 4.89 to 24.89 per cent. So that's the way it stands, Birsky. Over here we let crooked politicians get away with some of our taxes because we think we're too busy to bother about keeping them grafters honest, y'understand, but over in Germany it's considered perfectly on the level for a prince to get away with about ten times as much money because

Max Meyer,  
New Cincinnati,  
Hindenburg Co.,  
M. S.

U. S. G.

meaning the State of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the chances is there would be fifty Max Meyers in New Cincinnati, Hindenburg Co., M. S., meaning the State of Mecklenburg-Schwerin,

ning for president again, which you could take it from me, Birsky, just so soon as Bartholdt and this here Gershon A. Viereck gets nicely settled down over there, they would form an American-German Alliance and hold meetings to denounce the actions of the German people and particularly the German Government because in questions which comes up with the United States of America, it tried to fix things as ad-